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LEANNA FIELD DRIFTMIER

Kitchen-Klatter

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MAGAZINE

"More Than Just Paper And Ink"

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Margery Driftmier Strom

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LETTER FROM LUCILE

Dear Good Friends:

This is a most beautiful autumn day and when I walked into our Kitchen-Klatter plant a few minutes ago I really had a sudden powerful urge to be a vagabond and just go over the hills and far away! These urges don't hit me very often because I'm not free to indulge them and thus try to keep them subdued, but something in the air today made me wish that I could be a wanderer free of all responsibilities and cares. I've noticed that even people with the most conservative patterns of daily life go into these spells on a gorgeous October day.

Since I wrote to you last month there has been a death in the Field family; Uncle Sol's passing leaves but two of the seven Field brothers and sisters, mother and Aunt Jessie Shambaugh. It doesn't really seem too many years ago when all of them were vigorous, active people, members of a most tightly-knit family . . . and now only two of them are left.

I think that the best glimpse you can have of mother's and Aunt Jessie's loss is the item that appeared in our local paper, so I will copy it for you.

"Funeral services were held in Quincy, California, for Solomon E. Field, who died at the age of 83. Mr. Field will be remembered as the son of Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Field, Sr., early pioneers of Page County. He is survived by his wife, Mary; a son, Solomon E. Field III, and a daughter, Jean Field Johnson, all of them residents of California; two sisters, Mrs. Jessie Field Shambaugh, Clarinda, and Mrs. M. H. (Leanna) Driftmier, Shenandoah; a number of nieces, nephews and grandchildren.

"When a young man, he went West where he lived with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Field, Sr., and managed their orange ranch near Highland, California. On their retirement, when they moved to Redlands, he became manager

of the Hienz Olive Industry, located around Corning, California, supervising their groves and packing plants.

"During these years he found time to help in the Boy Scout camps where his great enthusiasm for outdoor life and his vast knowledge of the wonders of nature was a tremendous inspiration to thousands and thousands of boys.

"At the time of his death, he and his wife, Mary, lived at beautiful Camp Wallace Alexander in the high Sierras, where Sol was continuing his dedicated service to the Boy Scouts of California."

After the funeral services Jean wrote a long letter to mother and Aunt Jessie and told them about the magnificent floral tributes that arrived from Scout groups all over California. His "boys" had not forgotten him. Incidentally, he was as active as usual through all of this past summer, despite his age, and most blessedly was spared a long period of hospitalization.

How much his Iowa nieces and nephews enjoyed the trips that he made back here! One time he brought a mountain lion with him and staked it in our front yard, something totally unheard of in these parts, and we still talk about all the excitement of that particular trip. I'm glad that Julian and Kristin had a chance to meet him, for as six-year-olds they sat for five straight hours on a summer afternoon, never moving a muscle, while he told them about pioneer days in the California mountains. I only wish we could have gotten tape recordings of his conversations for he was a great storyteller and had an inexhaustible supply of fascinating experiences to relate.

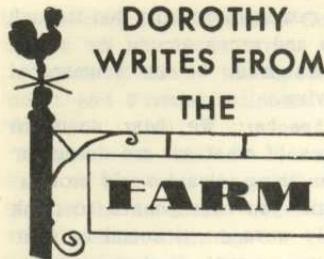
Recently I have read two books that kept me utterly absorbed (I hated to finish the last page!) and it occurred to me that if you're thinking about getting something to read for the long winter days ahead — they never turn out to be as long as we anticipate! — you might want to have the titles.

The first of these two books is: *Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain* by Justin Kaplan. Reviews of this book stated that Mr. Kaplan had spent six years on it and I can certainly believe this for it is a most remarkable biography; in fact, I would call it a great biography. I don't think that our country has ever produced a more complex and astounding personality than Samuel Clemens. (He grew to loathe the name Mark Twain and always wished to be spoken of as Mr. Clemens.) He is known as the finest humorist we have ever had, and yet in his personal life he was embittered and melancholy, suffering one heart-breaking loss after another. He was one of the most wretched men who ever lived, and yet he is our greatest humorist! Mr. Kaplan has done an astounding piece of detective work in tracking down the things that made Mr. Clemens such a complicated man, and if you have time to get your teeth into a book this winter I feel certain that you'll enjoy it. (You can't skim over it lightly!)

The other book, also not to be skimmed over, is titled *Shantung Compound* by Langdon Gilkey, a professor of theology at the University of Chicago Divinity School. This is the account of 2,000 men and women under pressure, people of all races, creeds, stations in life, etc., who were rounded up by the Japanese and placed in a prison camp for the duration of World War II. They were not beaten, tortured or subjected to any kind of the physical abuse that we associate with prison camps. They were simply thrown in together, a fantastically diverse collection of people, and left alone to work out their problems and get along as best they could. How they managed to get along is the theme of Mr. Gilkey's book.

He learned, for instance, that all of the laws and social pressures that keep people "in line" in the outside world simply did not exist at all within Shantung Compound. Food, for example, was an extremely critical issue because the Japanese supplied them daily with just the bare amount to keep going. If anyone STOLE any of that food it endangered the very lives of everyone in the prison camp. Theft became the most terrible problem of all, and the author learned that people who would be regarded as rascals and scoundrels in the outside world were by far the most dependable to put in the kitchens and supply rooms. In short, given hunger and dreadful temptation, so-called sinners became saints and so-called saints became sinners. The author concludes that only by be-

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Dear Friends:

Signs of fall are everywhere here at the farm. The cornfields are full of blackbirds, and what a racket they can make. Frank fires his shotgun into the air, and then what a whirr of wings as they take off — probably only to our next field, but at least it's quiet for a while!

The corn is drying up, and several farmers have combined their beans. Frank and I had to drive to Osceola on an errand the other day and noticed where they are getting ready to build a new highway. Farmers were moving fences back and shocking the few rows of corn between the old fence and the new. Shocks of corn are something we don't see very often any more, and it was good to see this old-fashioned sign of fall.

I have just returned from a hurried and unexpected trip to Laramie. Since we had so recently had a visit from Kristin and her family, I certainly hadn't planned to make a trip out there this soon; but we had a call from Kristin's husband Art saying that Kristin was in the hospital for a few days and would like to have me come out if I could get away. I left immediately.

I took the bus to Omaha, and the train from there to Laramie. It had been years since I had been on a bus and I must tell you something unusual that happened. We were speeding along through the country at night when suddenly the bus began to slow down for flashing lights ahead. It was another bus which had flagged ours to stop. It appeared to have been in a wreck because the right half of the windshield was shattered and had a large hole in it. When the driver came over he said he had hit a large owl which had gone right through the windshield. He would cover the hole with cardboard to keep out the cold air, but wanted it reported in Omaha so a new windshield could be installed when he arrived in Kansas City. Our driver said this had happened to him once, but on the driver's side and he ended up with the owl in his lap!

Art and Andy met my train and Andy was excited about Grandma Johnson's getting off the big choo-choo train. He has changed just since August, and



Andrew was all smiles for his Grandma Johnson, who came to help care for him while his mother was in the hospital.

talks much more and very plainly. In fact, he can carry on an entertaining conversation now — so cute and so funny.

The weather was beautiful the few days I was there until the night before I left, when they had a bad storm with lightning, rain, and hail. It looks more like fall in Laramie than in Iowa, with the leaves already turned yellow. I noticed this particularly in the mountains between Cheyenne and Laramie. What kind of trees were growing in among the pines, I don't know, unless they were aspens, but their brilliant yellow made the mountains look gorgeous.

The university campus has beautiful plantings of fall flowers which make especially outstanding at this time of year. It had been over a year since I had been in Laramie, and I was amazed at the magnificent new buildings which had been erected in that length of time — most of them extremely modern new dormitories. Some of the old buildings are being torn down to make room for new classroom buildings, one of which will be used for the art department.

There was a band day in Laramie, an annual event held on the day that the University of Wyoming plays its first home football game. There were 37 high school bands from towns all over Wyoming and western Nebraska. The bands paraded in the morning from the campus to the business district. Art and Andy and I saw this colorful sight. Between halves at the game all the bands were on the field at the same time. Kristin and I listened on the radio and they announced there were a total of 2800 young people in the bands. This must have been quite a sight.

Kristin was getting along fine and able to come home the day after I ar-

rived. While she lay around and recuperated, I ironed and mended while we had a good visit. She had some dresses she wanted shortened and I was able to get that done for her.

When they took me to the station for my return trip little Andy told everyone he saw that he was going to ride on the big choo-choo train with his Grandma Johnson, and I actually think he would have. Nothing would have pleased Grandma more had this been possible. We are in hopes he can have this train ride at Christmas.

The return trip was uneventful. Deer season had opened in Wyoming and I saw one herd of nine standing close to the track as we went through the mountains. I also saw two men with a pick-up truck getting ready to load a deer they had just shot.

We had a pleasant visit with Mother earlier in the month. I was in Shenandoah and since Dad was getting along fine, he and Ruby, his nurse, thought it would be a good opportunity for Mother to ride home with me for a week of rest. I tried to give her a complete rest from the kitchen and wouldn't even let her help me with the dishes. She couldn't keep away from the stove altogether, though, for one day when we had watermelon she couldn't resist making a batch of watermelon pickles for Frank and his Uncle August, who are very fond of them.

Late one afternoon Frank took her fishing, thinking it might be the right time to catch a big bullhead. The first fish she caught answered this description, and she was so excited that the next time she got a bite she jerked her line out so hard and fast that line, fish, and all went sailing into the tree. We had quite a time getting the line untangled from the branches.

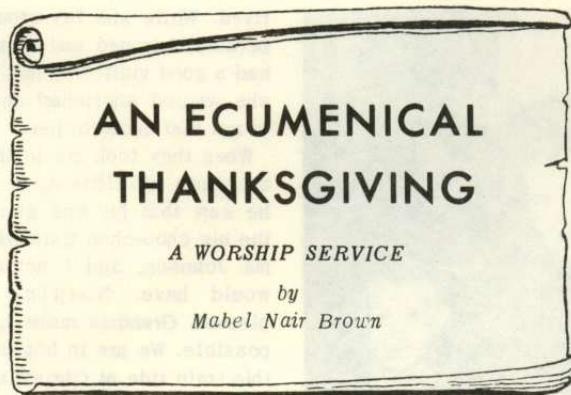
Mother and I planned to drive to Iowa City one day to visit Mother's niece, Gretchen Harshbarger, but when we couldn't reach her by phone we spent the day shopping in Des Moines instead.

Frank has been getting some of his fall plowing done and right now I hear the tractor coming down the road, so I will close and put on a fresh pot of coffee. Until next month . . .

Sincerely,
Dorothy

COVER PICTURE

Frederick Driftmier, whose letters you enjoy each month in the magazine, is a busy minister in Springfield, Mass. His hobbies are music, fishing, part-time teaching, and making the tape-recorded visits which we share with you on our Saturday radio visits.



Setting: Instead of the usual collection of fruits and vegetables overflowing from a large cornucopia, make an arrangement in which various objects, representative of many countries or peoples around the world, fill the horn of plenty to overflowing. By asking people in your community, I'm sure you can locate lovely articles of art, glassware, china, brass and copperware, copies of famous paintings, a musical score by a great composer, mineral samples, textiles, an ivory elephant, or other articles from various localities.

The arrangement would be most effective on a cloth of deep purple. If desired, a large scroll on which the lesson title is printed might be hung above the setting or written on a large sheet of paper and placed on an easel beside the table.

Musical Prelude: Let this include a medley of hymns of praise and thanksgiving, by composers from various countries if possible. This medley should conclude with the hymn "Come Ye Thankful People, Come", which is continued through the Call to Worship. (Note: If desired, recordings of selections by some of the world's great composers might be played softly in appropriate places throughout the service.)

Call to Worship:

We come to find ourselves — and God, To offer up to Him our thanks today. Through song, and prayer and spoken word,

Speak to us, O God, Thy will help us obey.

An anxious, troubled world awaits outside

With perplexing problems for us to face;

But in this short hour of prayer and praise,

May we find guidance, mercy, peace, and grace.

Scripture: Reading of Psalms 100.

Leader: True thanksgiving is not a mere verbal acknowledgment, nor a formal ascription of praise, nor a song

of rejoicing because of benefits received. Rather, true thankfulness is an acknowledgment of gifts received from the Heavenly Father, in an effort to help repay our indebtedness for these gifts by humble appreciation and through service directed toward others through whom God has bestowed the gifts. The truly thankful Christian is a Christian sharing with all mankind.

Hymn: "Not Alone for Mighty Empire". (May be sung by audience or as a solo.)

Scripture: Reading of Psalms 106:1-5.

Leader: How intimately life has entwined others about our lives that we may be supported by their strength, be blessed by gifts they share with us, just as they in turn may be blessed by ours!

"I sought my soul,

But my soul I could not see.

I sought my God

But my God eluded me.

I sought my brother,

And I found all three."

—Author Unknown

Scripture: Reading of Psalms 145:1-5.

Hymn: "Open My Eyes That I May See."

Leader: The true spirit of gratitude is one that recognizes that each of us is dependent upon divine largess, and upon the contributions of other people which make our own life richer.

As Americans we can be grateful for a day when we join our fellow countrymen across the land in counting our blessings and thanking God for them. High on our "thanks" list is this wonderful land which pours such bounties upon us, so much so that we are apt to become smug, even a little boastful in our thanksgiving as we count ourselves a "self-made" nation, forgetting we are after all but a melting pot of all nations! In these few moments let us concentrate on the thought of how much of what we have, cherish, enjoy, and value in all our richness, freedom, and knowledge, that we call the "great American way

of life", comes to us from God through countries and races around the world. Truly ours must be an ecumenical thanksgiving.

First Speaker: We hear so much these days of what we are doing, or should be doing toward world brotherhood. Have you ever paused to think how glibly we make it sound as if it is all a "one way" effort or contribution. We write them up in big letters — CROP, CARE, EXCHANGE STUDENTS, PENNIES FOR FRIENDSHIP, PEACE CORPS, and on and on as to ways we are giving. Let no one underestimate the value of these great enterprises. But let us not let it end in this thought of *our giving*. What are we *getting*? What have we *received* in generations past?

Consider our personal health, which is always high on our list of blessings. What a great stride forward when vaccinations and inoculations became routine procedure for us — thanks to Edward Jenner, Englishman; Louis Pasteur, French chemist, who also gave us Pasteurization. The French gave us radium through the dedicated efforts of Marie and Pierre Curie. No one can come close to estimating the value of contributions in the medical field made by the great doctors of Austria, Germany and so many other places — contributions not withheld a continent or an ocean away, but as close as our nearest hospital.

Ours is a scientific world, we hear said again and again. We must date it back to Italy's great Galileo and Marconi, to England's James Watt, on back to the architects and engineers for the Parthenon, the great Roman road system, and others like them, as well as to the great scientists of Russia, England, France, the world around today!

We pride ourselves on our schools and our culture. Here again we have received much.

Second Speaker: As we go on with our thoughts on ecumenical Thanksgiving, let us consider some of the nations and races that have given so much to us. There is India with her lovely, lovely textiles — often hand loomed and block printed — her example of strong family relationships and pride. It is Greece that has given the wisdom of the great philosophers, such as Aristotle and Socrates, and the magnificent architecture one sees in the Parthenon. Out of small Palestine came the "Book of Books". Priceless treasures in the painting arts have come to us from many races, including Italy's Michelangelo and Da

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FREDERICK'S FAMILY WILL SPEND THANKSGIVING IN RHODE ISLAND

Dear Friends:

I have just returned from teaching my classes at American International College where we have several hundred students in the Freshman Class. Each year as I watch the new students on their first day at college, I have mixed emotions. For some of them I am so happy when I note how proud, how confident, how eager they are to be a part of college life. But for others of them I am a bit sad and somewhat touched with pity when I note how rather lonely, and timid, and unsure of themselves they are. Only today I saw a crippled and deformed little girl making her way painfully through the crowds of healthy, handsome, and gay students, and how my heart did go out to her. It is not easy — oh! believe me, it is not easy for a handicapped youngster to make his or her way happily through college. I have the greatest of admiration for the several blind students on our campus, and I go out of my way to speak to them and to help them in any way I can.

There are times when all of us have a certain amount of self-pity, times when various circumstances cause us to feel sorry for ourselves, but whenever I get into that frame of mind, I remind myself of all the wonderfully brave people in the world who have a thousand times more reason for self-pity than I. Do you ever pray for people when you are driving your car? I do often. If I should happen to see a handicapped person walking along within sight of the car, I always say a little prayer for him. I never could prove that one is any the happier for my prayers, but certainly I am!

It is hard to believe that November is almost here. A few minutes ago my secretary remarked that it just didn't seem possible we could have reached that time of the year when we order our special church calendar forms for Thanksgiving and Christmas. Today our special "Self-Denial Advent Fold-ers" were delivered. You have seen some like them I am sure — the little cards in which you place just 10¢ a day as a special gift to the work of the church. Those dime-a-day cards are very popular in our church, and I can't think of a better way to raise an Advent-Christmas offering. Before our church started using these special cards, our Christmas offering was usually only a few hundred dollars, but with the dime-a-day cards we have upped the offering to something over



Until the days become too chilly, Mother (Leanna Driftmier) takes her handwork to the front porch.

\$2,000. If you want more information about these cards that make giving so pleasant and easy, write to me at this address: Frederick F. Driftmier, 45 Maple Street, Springfield, Mass. 01105. Your church might be able to use them to great advantage.

This Thanksgiving we shall be going down to Rhode Island to spend the holiday with Betty's family. We used to have a big gathering of the clan at the home of her parents, but for the past two years we have been going to her brother's home which adjoins that of her parents. If all of us can be there, there probably will be at least twenty at one long table with a turkey at either end. Usually I have to carve one of the turkeys, a job that, strangely enough, I do not dislike. Some men do not like to carve meat at the table, but I actually enjoy it providing the knife is sharp, and providing there are not too many people at the table. I dislike carving when there are so many people that the food served to the early ones is cold by the time the last ones get theirs. Once when we were living in Bermuda I tried to carve a roast chicken with a knife that was as dull as a piece of stove wood, and that was a catastrophic experience — chicken on the floor, dressing on the ceiling!

Thanksgiving time along the Atlantic seashore is a lovely time of the year. It never is too cold because of the moderating influence of the sea, and yet there is a crispness about things that keeps one mindful of that first Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims. Because it was here in New England that Thanksgiving first became a regular practice, it means just a bit more to us than it probably means to those in some other parts of the country. Don't misunderstand me, please! Of course

that day means much to all Americans, but to eat the feast in the very territory from whence came the Indians at the invitation of the Pilgrims, does make the history of the occasion very real to us and to our children.

Incidentally, we drove down through the town of Plymouth not long ago. Our David is living and going to school just twenty miles from Plymouth, and the town is only a few miles out of the way when we are going or coming from a visit with him. How I do love that part of our historic state of Massachusetts. There is no place else in all our fifty states that means more to me than those sandhills where our forefathers first began to build our nation. It is great cranberry country, and tons and tons of the red berries are grown in the swampy valleys between the sandy hills.

When I finish this letter to you, I must sit here at my desk and prepare a talk to give to the young mothers of our church. It is a splendid group which does a great deal of good for the young people in our church family. Recently this mothers' group gave me \$700 to be used for new recreational equipment for the big game room that we have on the second floor of the church hall. Once a year I speak to them on some particular aspect of Christian home life, and this year I plan to talk to them about the evils of jealousy. So often when a married couple comes to me with the problem of strained relations in the home, I discover the presence of that old green-eyed monster, jealousy. I don't know why it is, but that is the one weakness most people find the hardest to confess; perhaps it is because it also is an admission of defeat.

Recently a young mother came to see me about one of her little girls who was terribly jealous of her older sister. I suggested that what the little one probably needed more than anything else was some extra affection and reassurance of her own little ego. In other words, what she needed was more self-confidence and more faith in herself. A little girl jealous of her sister's beautiful hair needs to believe that she has beautiful hair too, and if she has a right not to believe it, than she must be assured that in some other way she has something of which to be proud.

Oh! this subject of jealousy is not as easy to understand as many people may think, and I shall have to give this talk much thought before presenting it. Of one thing I am sure: where jealousy cannot be replaced by Christian love, only unhappiness can result.

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Does It Pay to Go to Work?

by
Lilian Rothman

There comes a time in every mother's life when her youngest child toddles off to school, leaving her free — or relatively so — to dispose of her time as she wishes. A generation ago, she would have filled the gap by joining an afternoon club, volunteering her services to a charitable organization, or turning her attentions to some creative work she'd never had time for. Today, she gets the urge to look for a job.

Perhaps you've been toying with the idea yourself. If so, and if your main objective in working would be — as it is with so many women — to supplement the family income, there are certain financial aspects you should consider before coming to a decision. Though a second paycheck may seem like a logical answer to all financial problems, it's not necessarily so. For it costs money to go to work.

Generally, the expenses involved in going to work fall into these three categories: care of children, incidental working expenses, and taxes. These are the obvious costs, to which must be added certain less tangible expenditures, as we shall see later on. But first, the matter of taxes.

As a married woman you are a "deductible item" on your husband's tax return, together with charity donations, interest on the mortgage, children under eighteen, etc. That is, unless you earn a salary. In which case, your salary and his are combined and the total is then subject to tax. By adding your income to your husband's you could, conceivably, send him into a higher income bracket, thus increasing his tax rate.

The wisest thing to do would be to make some very intensive calculations (with the aid of a tax expert, if possible) in order to figure out if, and how much, your earnings would cost the family in additional taxes if you work.

Then, unless you're contemplating part-time work, you will probably need to arrange some way of taking care of

your younger children between the end of the school day and the time when your job winds up. If you're lucky enough, this might be accomplished with the cooperation of a relative or neighbor who will "keep an eye" on them until you return home. Otherwise, make allowances for a baby-sitter. Naturally, this particular expense would be highest for the woman whose child is of kindergarten age and home most of the day. It might entail hiring a full-time sitter, or enrolling him in a child-care center.

Under the heading of incidental expenses is the high cost of personal appearance while working, as compared with staying at home.

If you haven't worked in recent years, chances are that your wardrobe will be inadequate. To begin with, you may need additional clothing, a raincoat perhaps, or a warmer winter coat. And clothes that are suitable for working are generally more expensive than at-home outfits, both in the buying and caring for them. A sudsing will do for a pair of blue jeans and a pullover, but cleaning bills for business outfits, multiplied by several days in a week, can add up to a sizeable sum.

Personal appearance cost might also include extra trips to the hairdresser, and the purchase of more cosmetics and accessories.

And don't overlook a bigger hosiery bill. One woman, back at work after several years at home, was heard to remark that she had forgotten how many pairs of stockings are needed in a working month — and how expensive they are.

Traveling to work may seem a trifle, but even a 15-cent bus ride each way is \$1.50 a week, and \$3.00 if you have to take two buses. Commuting from the suburbs to the city is, of course, far more expensive. As one working mother put it, "It costs me \$3.60 just to move every day." If you were to use a second car for your transportation, then the cost of gas and repairs must be reckoned with.

Your daily lunch, unless you choose to carry it, will be another expense, to which should be added the cost of tips and coffee breaks. Also, keep in mind that you will probably be asked to contribute to collections for charity drives and gifts at your place of business.

And now to the indirect costs of which we spoke earlier.

When there is a need to stretch your available time, you may find yourself making little compromises here and there — compromises that result in higher household operating costs, the most costly of which is food. You might, for instance, be tempted to "eat out" more often, and to use more ready-made and pre-packaged foods which are, of course, more expensive than those you prepare yourself.

You might find your family's laundry and cleaning bill growing too. Even the cost of clothing for the family could increase, since there will be less opportunity for you to supervise the care and repair of their apparel.

Here's yet another consideration: Can you keep your home the way you like it, and work, too? Or will the double burden prove to be too tiring and time-consuming? Many mothers with full-time jobs find it necessary to have some help with the housework.

Though all the expenses encountered while working may add up to a considerable sum, there is, fortunately, another side to the coin which can offset some of it.

Besides the actual cash earnings from a job, there are other financial benefits which should be taken into account. For one thing, you will be accumulating credit toward Social Security. Working full-time, or even regularly, is not a requirement. At the same time, you become eligible for unemployment compensation if you lose your job.

In addition, some jobs offer extras, commonly known as fringe benefits. These could provide vacation pay, sick leave, and hospitalization. Sometimes low cost meals in the company dining room, use of company medical facilities, and purchasing privileges in the company store are included.

An indirect benefit for those who work in a retailing establishments is a discount on their purchases. The woman who does a great deal of department store shopping for her family, for example, may regard her shopping discount as a real saving.

Finally, the expense incurred for the care of children of a working mother is, under certain circumstances, deductible on your income tax. Again, check with your accountant.

While it's true that many working

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The Pilgrims Were People!

by
Mabel Nair Brown



Have you, as I, always pictured the Pilgrims as quiet, solemn-faced people in plain, somber garb with Bible in hand, or gun on shoulder, piously churchward bound — as they appeared in the traditional Pilgrim picture in our American History book? These Pilgrims were people, very interesting people, who laughed, sang, worked, and played just as we do. They were people with lively imaginations and courage; if not, they would never have set out on the adventurous journey to the new land across the ocean, nor made friends with their Indian neighbors.

Delving into some of the biographies and histories of these valiant settlers in the New World, I came upon some interesting facts that give an entirely different (and more delightfully human) glimpse of these forefathers.

There were 102 passengers who boarded the *Mayflower*, and 103 who landed in Provincetown harbor, December 21, 1620, to found "Plymouth Plantation". One had died on the ocean voyage but two boys were born at sea. Fewer than half of this little band survived that first cruel winter in the New World.

Mistakenly we often speak of all of the *Mayflower* passengers as Pilgrims, when actually only about forty of them had left England seeking religious freedom. They were also known as the Separatists. Thirty-nine of the passengers made up a group designated as "the strangers". They came, not as dissenters from the Church of England, but to find economic advantages. Miles Standish and Priscilla Mullins belonged to the "strangers" group. John Alden was on the list labeled as one of the five "hired hands" aboard.

Typical artisans who arrived on the *Mayflower* included the blacksmith, weaver, tailor, wool comber, printer, shopkeeper, soldier, sawyer, and cooper.

The Pilgrims are most often thought of as a group of pious graybeards, but only four had reached their fifties, two

more had passed forty, and two others had barely reached forty. The rest were vigorous young men and women in their twenties and early thirties — visionaries ready for adventure. We should not be surprised at these figures, for can we imagine elderly, well-established folk starting out on such a wild, hazardous journey to an unknown land?

Far from being always solemn and long-faced, they enjoyed life — the well-spread table, sports and games of skill, visiting, and singing.

Evidence that they liked color and beautiful materials (as do most of us) is to be found in those of their wills which have been preserved, which list such items as "sky-colored garters", "green cloak", and a "satin suit". It is said that William Brewster wore a violet suit on dress-up occasions. Old diaries and letters mention trimmings of silver lace and cloaks of red and blue, as well as silver shoe buckles and brooches.

They, also, had their ruffians, their juvenile delinquents, and their quarrelsome ones. John Billington was hanged in 1630 for killing another immigrant. Shortly after the *Mayflower* landed in America, a 14-year-old Billington lad playfully loaded and fired a gun, almost within inches of a barrel of gun powder. Fortunately no spark ignited the powder, or the ship would have blown up. Isaac Allerton was expelled from the "Plantation" for crooked business dealings. Two young men fought a duel for the hand of a 15-year-old maiden, Constance Hopkins.

Yes, the Pilgrims have been rightly revered and honored through the years for their illustrious role in our great American heritage and the traditions they handed down to us; but it is also good to know that they were neither religious fanatics nor supermen, but just "plain folks", even as you and I!

IN THANKSGIVING

Shakespeare didn't know anything about Thanksgiving, but what he said was very fitting: "Our Lord that lends me life; Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness."

In 1620 the Pilgrims dropped anchor in what is now the harbor of Provincetown. The next year, this is what they had to be thankful for: survival (54 out of 102), peace with Indians (temporary) and plenty to eat (mostly corn). However, replete with thankfulness, they prepared to feast after fasting, and invited Massasoit to join them. He did, and brought 89 braves along. The Indians, realizing there wasn't enough food for all, went out and killed five deer, presented them to the Governor and the feast continued for three days.

Since that time, Thanksgiving has had quite a history. It has been celebrated in February, April, and May as well as November, and it wasn't a national holiday until 1863. Lincoln proclaimed the last Thursday in November as a national holiday. Two years later, Andrew Johnson forgot to proclaim it in time, so it was in December that year. In 1939, 1940 and 1941 there were two Thanksgivings. Now, by a resolution of Congress, Thanksgiving has at last been definitely established as the fourth Thursday in November.

WELCOME WINTER

November has mood,
Blown in to intrude
On autumn loveliness.
Winds blow,
Come snow.

Time for waiting books,
Warm fires and still nooks,
Apples, games, and puzzles.
Winds blow,
Come snow.

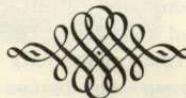
—Ann L. Lamp

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving comes, and with it
brings
A thankful heart for many things:
For this vast world so very fair,
For family and friends who really
care,
For physical strength and heart's con-
tent,
For leisure with loved ones — time
well spent,
For eyes to see trees standing tall
Responding to the Winter's call,
For faith to seek Thee in my prayer,
Not seeing but knowing You are there.

November is here, and my heart sings
Rejoicing for these "thankful things".

—Helene B. Dillon



CONSTRUCTION STILL GOING ON AT DENVER DRIFTMIERS

Dear Friends:

As I sit down to write to you, I wonder if some of the noise and confusion won't somehow manage to pass through the post office, the printing machines and on to you. The addition to our house was *supposed* to be completed quite a while ago. However, we're no exception to the all-too-frequent pattern of one delay after another.

So far there has been one really big error made in construction. One of the two concrete piers which support the columns which carry the main steel support beam for the roof was poured several inches off line. You really wonder how such a sizeable "goof" could occur among experienced craftsmen. As a result, half of the patio may have to be torn out and repoured. Fortunately — or perhaps not so fortunately — the patio wall curved into the place where the pier should have been and provided more than enough support for the column. Structurally, the roof is in fine shape, but appearance-wise the patio is less than perfect. We really hate to see the jack hammers come in to tear up our long-awaited patio, but every other suggested solution has proven either impractical or too costly.

Interior work has been possible during this period, but our contractor has had only a minimal crew on the job and finishing takes such a long time anyway. Both Wayne and I have been amazed at how specialized construction skills are in a city. For example, one group of concrete men put in the walls and footings; another group poured the floor slabs in the basement and on the patio. The same is true of the dry wall construction. One group put up the rock lath while another came in to fill and strip it. Such specialization works great in a subdivision, but in a small project, such as ours, it means a great deal of waiting and delay.

Keeping the house clean during all these many weeks (now months) has been an impossibility, but no one seems to be bothered by this except myself. Wayne's brother Howard and his wife Mae made a brief stop on their way down to New Mexico and I could do little more than blow off the top layer of dust. They were on hand such a short length of time that we managed only one drive up into the mountains. The aspen trees were just barely beginning to turn gold, so they had only a hint of Colorado's fall beauty. This was to be their only opportunity to get into the high country.



Emily Driftmier, eldest daughter of Wayne and Abigail, left Denver by plane in late summer for Costa Rica, where she will be a Rotary exchange student for one year.

Howard wanted to return to Wagon Mound, New Mexico, (where he spent some time many years ago,) which meant driving down in front of the Rockies rather than through the mountains on U. S. 285, so we chose to drive them up above timberline on Loveland Pass (U.S. 6). Howard had missed that trip when they were here a few years ago.

Howard was particularly interested in the old mining towns and our trip took us through several; Idaho Springs, Georgetown, Breckenridge and Fairplay were the major ones. We stopped for lunch at the Red Ram Inn at the hotel in Georgetown and enjoyed their delicious hot German potato salad, sauerkraut and charcoal-grilled "brat-wurst", a large beef sausage. This is the first sauerkraut I have ever *really* liked and some time I'll figure out how it was made, I noticed onion, lemon slices and either ham or corned beef among the ingredients.

On the day Howard and Mae arrived Alison and I were attending a horse show. It was only about noon then so Wayne brought them up to see the show. This is a different type show from what they were accustomed to seeing around Shenandoah. This particular variety is under the sponsorship of the Colorado Hunter and Jumper Association, so the classes were confined to Equitation, Jumping and Hunting, the latter events occurring on the simulated hunt field. Unfortunately, her relatives missed the classes in which Alison placed. She won a 5th place ribbon in "Equitation over Fences" and a first in "Green Jumper". In the latter class only a horse's ability to jump over fences with the

fewest number of knock-downs wins. If there is a tie (and this is usual) the jumps are raised and time is counted; then the rider assumes greater importance. In this case, Alison and "Smokey Em" had to win the jump-off to earn the much-coveted blue ribbon and silver trophy.

All of the entrants from Alison's riding club participated in this show under a real mental handicap. Just the day before most of them had seen one of their members fall while jumping and receive an extremely severe head injury. Even now the doctors cannot be sure of a complete recovery. The injured girl was wearing a "protective" jumping helmet when she fell. She is the second experienced rider in the Denver area to receive such an injury under similar circumstances this year. Naturally, this has caused concerned parents to question the caliber of protection afforded by these "protective" helmets. As a result, a move is underway to have improved design and materials put into such helmets in the light of recent research into sports injuries.

Alison and Clark are now occupied primarily with school. Alison has entered Jefferson High as a sophomore. The enrollment has increased by about 225 students since Emily graduated in June and is now up to 1100 students. Her classes are World History, English, Geometry, Spanish, Biology and Band. Thus far she has joined only the Pep and Drama Clubs since she doesn't want to get overly burdened with too many outside activities.

Clark has entered junior high and has the wildest schedule any seventh grader from this household ever experienced. This year our junior highs are inaugurating "flexible scheduling". As a result, except for band, he attends classes at different hours and for different lengths of time each day. The basic idea is to let each pupil spend more or less time in each subject according to his need and interest. This supposedly is a thoroughly tested program so I am trying not to prejudge it. But, frankly, it is almost impossible for me to hide my grave doubts about the actual educational results for young people of this age level.

With the advent of junior high the Little League Football set-up changes from grouping one age together to the grouping of several years in age together — but with strict weight limitations. Undoubtedly, this is because there is such wide variation in size among junior high children. Most of Clark's old team are back together

(Continued on page 20)



TURKEY FUN

by

Evelyn Birkby

Ask any group to list those items which mean Thanksgiving and someone is sure to mention *turkey* as one of the most traditional joys of the holidays. Although it began as the main part of the menu, the turkey has grown to include decorations, children's stories, games and themes for parties.

Invitations

If a "turkey shape" is difficult to draw and no pattern is available, buy the turkey stickers and glue them to a sheet of yellow or orange construction paper. Make a larger outline and cut out the shape similar to the turkey. The invitation can be written on the back. Make it fit the time and place and include some mention of the theme. Example:

A turkey party can be fun
For you and me and everyone.
Come meet with us at half-past seven
For gobble'n fun until eleven.

Decorations

It is fun to decorate with a turkey motif. As November approaches many magazines carry lovely big colored pictures of this Thanksgiving symbol. Begin decorating by taping turkey cutouts around the room or pinning them to curtains and the edge of the table-cloth.

Balloons can be blown up and made into cute, fat turkeys. These could be made ahead of time and placed in appropriate places around the room or the material to make them could be provided for the early guests and they could make them as the first game of the evening. Use round balloons. Cut a double turkey head from brown construction paper with the fold at the top of the head so the neck can be spread apart a little and glued to the balloon. Cut out wings and tail from colored paper and glue to balloon. The tail can have a small slit at the bottom to slip over the neck of the balloon. Flat feet may be cut from the heavy paper or cardboard and glued to the bottom of the bird so it will stand up. These are excellent for any age group to make. Children enjoy making the turkey balloons, lining them up and tossing darts at them for a "Shoot the turkey" game.



Recently, when the boys and girls in his class read a story about a pet skunk, Craig Birkby took his "Sniffles" to visit school. The children enjoyed petting and watching a real live skunk. "Sniffles" found the attention exciting and behaved very well during his morning at school.

A big fat brown turkey can be made for a table centerpiece using a brown paper sack for the body and then cutting the head, wings, tail and feet from colored construction paper and putting together just as the balloon turkey was made.

For favors, make tiny paper sack turkeys. Use a small brown paper sack for each turkey. Stuff it with bits of paper and tie the end. Continue with construction paper head, wings, tail and feet. Make a basket to go with each miniature turkey by using a small white nut cup. With thin copper wire pushed through the top edge of the nut cup, make two small handles just like a real bushel basket. With a brown color, draw "hoops" around the nut cup. Fill with candy corn and place next to the turkey favor. These two ideas are excellent to make for *tray favors* for a hospital, retirement or nursing home project.

A *table laid* with a burlap cloth (this material comes under various names and in lovely colors in the yardgoods department) in a fall color is perfect for a turkey party. Copper pitchers and coffee pots, creamer and sugar and bowls add a warm color. The stone crocks, bean pots and heavy pottery of our grandmothers' day are perfect for serving dishes.

Games

Turkey and Hunter: One player is the "turkey" and another is the "hunter". Both are blindfolded. The turkey is given a box of jacks or marbles or a tin can with rocks in it — anything which will make a noise when shaken. The hunter is given a rolled-up newspaper with which to swat the turkey. He is assisted by the sound the turkey

makes with the box or can as he runs around the center of the room or inside a circle made of the other players.

Gobbling Handkerchief: This is a "magic" game which is fun for all ages. The leader and the person who is "it" are in on the trick. The leader sends "It" from the room. He then rolls a handkerchief into a round ball and hides it in one player's hands. When this is done, he rejoins the circle and calls in his assistant. He instructs "It": "Someone here has a handkerchief. Listen very carefully over each person's hands until you find it. When you reach the right place you will hear the handkerchief gobble softly!" While the helper is bending over to listen to each player's hands he casually watches the foot of the leader. When the helper reaches the right person the leader moves his right foot very slightly. The object of the game is for the players to figure out how the helper always gets the handkerchief. Does it really say "Gobble, Gobble"?

Stuff the Turkey: Children love this game but it gets hilarious when adults play it. Blindfold two players. Give each the same number of pieces of candy corn. The object is to feed (or stuff) the corn into the mouth of each other. The one who gets rid of his candy corn first wins. If a large group is playing, teams can be set up with one player "stuffing" the other. The team which succeeds in getting rid of the candy corn first wins for his side.

Turkey Feather Relay: Divide group into even teams. Give the leader of each team a turkey feather. He throws it, javelin style, aiming it in the direction of the finish line. As soon as the feather comes to earth he runs to it, picks it up and throws it again. When the feather crosses the finish line, the player picks it up, runs back to his team and hands it to the next in line who repeats the performance. The team to finish first wins.

Thanksgiving Turkey: For a quiet paper game, give each guest a paper with THANKSGIVING TURKEY written at the top. Ask them to see how many words they can make from the letters in a given time. The closing signal will be, of course, when the leader calls out "Gobble, Gobble!"

Turkey Action: As a form of charades, divide the group into teams. Ask each team to select some part of Thanksgiving, either historical or present, to act out in pantomime. The rest of the players try to guess the action depicted. One team will surely be pilgrims stalking wild turkeys.

(Continued on page 20)

A REAL "INDIAN SUMMER"

by

Mrs. F. B. Gorshe

If anyone had asked us in July, 1965, where we would be the following year, our wildest guesses would not have struck the mark — India, the other side of the world.

How it happened is a long story. Suffice it to say that my husband Frank was one of about 80 high school and college math and science teachers sent there in a consulting capacity by AID (U.S. Agency for International Development).

We arrived in New Delhi on June first, weary from a 29-hour day — the result of racing the sun westward across time zones. The wives and children had a few days to rest and "sight-see" while the men attended meetings.

Delhi ("Delly") was hot! A half hour on the hotel balcony, watching taxis, scooters, bicycles, and pedestrains was sufficient to dry a whole handful of hair rollers. The air-conditioned room was a haven after that scorching heat.

When we left to go by bus to Chandigarh, we were five (our four with a professor who would be Frank's partner), with 15 pieces of luggage. We completely filled two Indian compact taxis. At the Kashmiri gate bus terminal we hired porters to carry the luggage. The best of these piled six suitcases on his head, strapped them there, and trudged nonchalantly down the steep incline. How I wanted a picture! But standing there in the sun, parched and dry, with "instant blisters" rising on my unsleaved arms, I felt no inclination to dig out the camera.

We were glad to board the air-conditioned, deluxe bus, with its shades pulled against the sun. From the sides of the shades we got short glimpses of India.

We saw the vast gap between the well-to-do and the impoverished. Well-kept bungalows contrasted with flimsy enclosures of thatch or twigs, where matted-haired children rested in the shade of the huts. There were the ghats ("gots"), the cremation sites of Ghandi, Nehru, and Shastri.

The Grand Trunk Road we were following is lined with trees. Ox and horse carts piled high with burlap bundles lumbered along. Women with baskets of mangoes on their heads walked toward the market. A camel tied to a stick circled a Persian well to bring up can after can of water. Farmers plowed the red dirt fields

with teams of bullocks drawing simple wooden plows. Herds of water buffalo, their black hides almost impaled by the bones they hung on, browsed in sparsely vegetated pastures.

As we entered Punjab, one of the most prosperous states of India, we found irrigation canals that provided moisture for a greener land during the dry, pre-monsoon rainy season.

Chandigarh, our destination, is a "new city". In the partition of the Punjab state in 1947, Lahore, its capitol, was given to Pakistan, leaving the Indian portion without a capitol. After leveling 17 villages, construction of the city was begun in 1952 under the supervision of the French architect, Le Corbusier. Thirty sectors, 1/2 by 3/4 mile each, were laid out, with an artificial lake outside for cooling and recreation. Each sector has a shopping area within easy walking distance.

Our family, with 17 other Americans, was housed in a modern brick and concrete structure, our rooms opening onto a veranda which overlooked a lawn and rose garden enclosed by a stone wall.

Meals were served by four young men, 15 to 25 years of age, who bought, prepared, and served all the American and Indian teachers who lived there. The kitchen was about 8' by 15', with one wall taken up by a built-in stove quite unlike American built-ins. It was of concrete with holes for charcoal to cook food in brass pans. It was unusual in India because it was waist-high instead of a foot above the floor. A sink with cold running water, and an island covered with ceramic tile, provided the space for preparation and clean-up. It took three hours to prepare each meal.

The chief cook, Narayan, a chemistry student on leave from the depart-

ment for the summer, cooked good American food, but he excelled in Indian cookery. Breakfast was American except for tea instead of coffee.

Lunch started with a delicious canned soup, its flavor changed from basic tomato by the addition of cheese, broth, or spices. This was followed by potato chips — homemade and fresh — cucumbers, tomatoes, rice, dol, leichies, mangoes and "squash". (Dol is made from pulse-like lentils generously spiced; leichies are about the size and shape of strawberries with a pineapple-ish flavor; mangoes, green or yellow, with orange pulp, taste only like mangoes; while squash is a concentrated fruit drink diluted with water.)

Dinner included chicken, goat, ham, or fish, rice, squash, and tea. The meats were sometimes curried, sometimes deep-fat fried. A professor's wife told me, "We fry everything in ghee. We don't like anything boiled." Vegetables included okra, gourds, peas, or string beans, usually in a spicy hot sauce. Custard, gelatin, or canned fruit completed the meal.

Narayan shopped for food for each meal in the market place in our sector. Each stall carried one type of food. For Americans used to supermarkets, finding a particular item can prove an adventure. The shopkeepers speak only a little, heavily-accented English, so conversations can take unexpected turns. For instance a Sikh ("sick"; plural "six") asked me, "There are Sikhs in the U.S.A.?"

I replied, "Oh, no, there are more than that."

I hand-laundered our wash-and-wear clothes every day. The sheets were sent to a dhobi (washerman) who beat them on a stone while standing thigh-deep in water. He did a remarkable job.

Without bicycles, India's cities would be paralyzed. Milk peddlers, ice men, and even barbers peddled around to their customers.

You have all seen the India "sarrees". When one knows how, these six-yard lengths of cotton or silk become gracefully draped dresses. Another dress worn consists of the salwar, pants extending from waist to ankle, over which is drawn a chemise, like a tight shift. A chuni, or filmy scarf, is thrown back over the shoulders.

On our return to Iowa, after completing our trip around the world, we carried this typical Indian clothing, many precious mementoes, but best of all, memories of a friendly people. We hope Americans treat their international visitors with the same kindness we received.

AUTUMN SNOW

From old storm hills windows

I saw the first snow fall;
It came in across the stubble,
Not hurrying at all.

It whitened first the timber,
Then silvered every roof —
Thickened in the crevices
That shelved the towering bluff.

It slept in little pallets
Amongst the greenwood stone,
And on the massive marble
Drifted soft as foam.

Alike through all my yesterdays
It came silently at eve
When the first fires hugged me
Like an old coat's tattered sleeve.

—Ann Parish Slankard

MARY BETH BRINGS US UP TO DATE ON HER FAMILY

Dear Friends:

With two months of our activities to catch up on, I shall briefly hit the high spots. The children are off on their bicycles this beautiful sunny Saturday, and I know approximately where they are. It takes years for children to learn that parents must know their whereabouts when they stop somewhere to play. We're in the teaching stage now, but the older the children get, the better they remember to check with us from time to time.

Our summer was mostly quiet. We maintain a decently normal schedule, especially when Donald is in town. But aside from their few household chores, the youngsters were pretty much free to do as they pleased.

We spent our vacation in Michigan at the same cottage we had last year, and just as last year, we were fortunate to secure reservations to coincide with those of the Badgley's, our good friends from Muncie, Indiana. Another couple was in our group, Mrs. Badgley's sister and her husband — an old school friend of mine.

Adrienne and their Jennifer — both six years old — were always together. They even planned to celebrate Jennifer's birthday together in August — in Cleveland yet! You can imagine their disappointment when this plan had to be vetoed. All in all, we three couples with our ten children had a perfectly wonderful time together.

Katharine made great strides in swimming. Watching her, I felt that she was quite safe, and this, believe me, is a relief. Donald taught Paul various strokes, and Paul made great progress, also. Adrienne can sort of swim — enough to allow her fun without her inhaling too many gallons of water.

After we returned home, Donald took the children to the pool as often as possible. Hopefully, before too many years, we'll be able to see them off on their bikes for an afternoon at the pool without too much worry.

Our growing children were a help in the housework department of our home, but Donald has not yet had too much easing of his jobs. Last summer, however, he did purchase a hand lawnmower and presented it to Paul with the understanding that it was his alone to help his father. The idea of his being a help pleased him, and the new grass was easy to mow. Even so, at his age there were many interruptions, and it often took him most of the day to finish the job. (Donald told me that he remembers having to mow the yard



Friends who have been with us since the early issues of Kitchen-Klatter will note that Paul (left) is a carbon copy of his daddy, Donald Driftmier. Paul's Grandmother Schneider, Mary Beth's mother, is in the background.

by flashlight because he was too "poky" at the same age.) While a power mower would be quicker, we've read of too many tragic accidents involving children and power mowers to want one around until the children are old enough to use it wisely.

One of our last outings before school started was a trip to the Chicago Museum of Science and Industry. We had partly "done" the museum the summer before, but it takes absolutely days to accurately absorb all it has to offer, so we felt that another visit was in order. One weekend, therefore, we put on our most comfortable walking shoes, and started out.

We bought a 10¢ guide book when we arrived, and after careful study decided to split up for the first of the viewing. I took the girls to see exhibits that would be of most interest to them, while Don took Paul to men-type features. We met at noon and toured the exhibits from then on as a family group.

While I was lonesome the first few days after the children started back to school, and unaccustomed to the quiet, I soon found that getting back to an orderly routine was peaceful — almost medicinal. The children in their various ways were glad to go back, too.

Adrienne, now a full-fledged first grader, is most thrilled with her new lunch box and a new brief case for her books. This was such a big event in her life that we made a real production of the purchase of these supplies. Last year she had a canvas bag which strapped over her shoulders, leaving her arms free to help her propel herself up the steep hill and

through the deep snow. This year that was much too babyish.

Like so many little girls, she takes pride in her work, and needs no help from Mother on her homework except for the 15 minutes of oral reading that I listen to.

Katharine is sailing along smoothly in her sixth grade classes. We are pleased with the growth of the school. They keep adding a grade at the top, so by 1967 a ninth grade will be added. This means that children from the Academy of Education — our school — can go directly into the public high school without a year or two of being outsiders in their junior high grades.

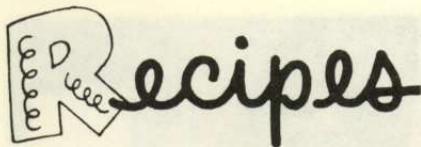
Paul is tackling fourth grade with willingness. As with his mowing, he needs a bit of prodding to get homework done promptly. He's done so well with his spelling, however, that he was allowed to start introductory French. Since I've never had an hour of French, he's completely on his own there — unless I take up the subject myself.

Two of the basic concepts of the Academy are to teach that learning is a continuous thing (hence the homework, even if it is only token, as with the primary children), and to teach the children *how* to study. With high school work so much more intensified than it used to be, these goals should be invaluable to the graduates of the school.

We have new neighbors back of us, so I'll bake some apple crumb pies now and take one over to them. Until next month,

Sincerely,

Mary Beth



Tested

by the

Kitchen - Klatter Family

APPLE CRUNCH MUFFINS

There is no muffin that tastes quite so good in the fall as an apple muffin. I hope you stir these up for your family. They are also delicious for those drop-in coffee guests.

1/4 cup margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 cup milk

1 egg, beaten

1 1/2 cups flour

1/2 tsp. salt

3 tsp. baking powder

1/2 tsp. cinnamon

1 cup raw chopped apple

Cream shortening and sugar. Add milk, beaten egg and butter flavoring. Combine dry ingredients and add. Peel, core and dice the apples very, very fine and add. Place in greased muffin pans or little paper baking cups and prepare topping.

Topping

1/3 cup brown sugar

1/2 tsp. cinnamon

1/3 cup finely chopped nuts

Sprinkle the topping over the muffins and then bake at 350 degrees for about 20 to 25 minutes.

—Margery

DUTCH APPLE PIE

(An old favorite!)

1 unbaked pastry shell

4 large tart apples

1 cup sugar

1 tsp. cinnamon

3/4 cup flour

1/3 cup butter

Prepare the pastry and line pie tin. Peel and cut the apple into eighths. Mix 1/2 cup of the sugar with the cinnamon and mix with apples, spread into pastry. Sift remaining 1/2 cup sugar with the flour. Work the butter into this mixture until crumbly and spread over the apples. Bake at 450 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce temperature to 350 and continue baking for 30 minutes. This recipe is also equally delicious prepared with fresh peaches when in season.

SPECTACULAR COFFEE CAKE

1 lb. brown sugar
1 cup butter or margarine
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
3 cups cake flour
1 cup buttermilk
1 tsp. soda
2 whole eggs
1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1/4 cup white sugar
1 cup cake flour
Combine brown sugar, butter or margarine and butter flavoring. Cream well. Add flour and blend. Take out 1 cup of this mixture; set aside for topping. To remainder, add eggs, buttermilk and soda and burnt sugar flavoring. Beat until smooth. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer cake pans. Take reserved 1 cup of sugar-butter-flour mixture and cut into remaining butter, sugar and flour listed in recipe. Sprinkle over top of coffee cakes. Bake at 375 degrees for 25 to 30 minutes.

This is an extra rich, delicious coffee cake.

—Evelyn

PRALINE PUMPKIN PIE

1 unbaked pie shell
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/3 cup brown sugar
1/3 cup pecans, chopped
1 1/2 cups canned pumpkin
1 cup evaporated milk
1/3 cup water
3 egg yolks
1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup brown sugar
1 1/2 tsp. cinnamon or pumpkin pie spices
1/2 tsp. salt
1 tsp. Kitchen Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

Combine butter, brown sugar and nuts. Mix well. Spread over bottom of unbaked pie shell. Bake at 425 degrees for 10 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour over praline layer and bake at 325 degrees until firm. Serve with whipped cream.

PRIZE AVOCADO SALAD

1 pkg. lemon gelatin
3/4 cup boiling water
1 cup sour cream
3/4 cup mayonnaise
1 1/2 cups avocado (mashed)
2 Tbls. lemon juice
2 Tbls. chopped green pepper
Dissolve the lemon gelatin in the boiling water. Add the remaining ingredients to the hot gelatin and mix thoroughly. Pour into one large mold, or individual molds. Chill in the refrigerator.

—Dorothy

RAISIN SAUCE FOR TURKEY

Combine in saucepan:
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 Tbls. brown sugar
1/4 tsp. ginger
Few grains of cayenne
1/2 tsp. salt
1/4 tsp. ground cloves
1 1/2 cups cranberry juice
1/2 cup raisins
1/2 cup almonds, blanched and slivered
Cover and simmer for 8 minutes.
Dissolve:
2 tsp. cornstarch
2 Tbls. cold water
Stir into sauce and simmer for 2 minutes.
Stir in:
1/4 cup tart jelly
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter orange flavoring
1/4 cup orange juice
2 Tbls. lemon juice
Serve warm over sliced turkey.
This is a wonderful way to use some of the left-over turkey and make it company fare.

—Abigail

CRANBERRY FLUFF SALAD

1 1/2 envelopes unflavored gelatin (1 1/2 Tbls.)
1/2 cup cold water
3/4 cup hot water
1 lb. cranberries, ground
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup miniature marshmallows
1 cup celery, diced
1 cup whipping cream (or 1 envelope whipped topping)
1 cup nuts, chopped
Soften gelatin in cold water. Pour boiling water over softened gelatin, stirring until dissolved. Cool.
Combine ground cranberries, sugar, marshmallows, celery and nuts. Stir into gelatin. Fold in whipped cream (or whipped topping). Spoon into mold which has been rinsed with cold water. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on greens. Top with salad dressing, if desired. This is a generous recipe: it makes 12 nice servings.

GLAZE FOR FRUITCAKE

1/4 cup unsweetened pineapple juice
1/2 cup light corn syrup
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter pineapple flavoring
Combine ingredients and bring to a rolling boil. Remove from heat. Immediately brush over fruitcake with pastry brush. Decorate top with candied fruits and nuts. When firm, brush another coat of glaze over top. Be sure glaze is hot each time it is used. Allow to dry thoroughly before wrapping cakes.

—Evelyn



DIRECTIONS FOR ROASTING TURKEY

Wash the turkey thoroughly and remove any pinfeathers. Singe any hairs that may remain along the edges of the wings and legs. Stuff the turkey with dressing and close the openings. Rub well with butter and salt and pepper. Place in a large roasting pan. Cover bird with several layers of cheesecloth which have been saturated in melted butter. Roast at 325 degrees, basting several times during roasting period. Remove the cheesecloth during last half hour of roasting so that turkey will brown. When done, the leg joint will move easily and the drumstick should feel soft. Allow 4 to 4 1/2 hours for an 8- to 10-lb. stuffed turkey; 5 to 5 1/2 hours for an 12- to 14-lb. stuffed turkey; for a very large turkey, about 18 to 20 lbs., allow 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 hours.

ABIGAIL'S STUFFING

8 cups soft bread, cubed
 1/2 cup celery, cut fine
 1/2 cup tart apple, cut fine
 1/4 cup chopped almonds
 3 Tbls. sage, crushed
 1 medium onion, minced
 1 1/2 tsp salt
 1/4 tsp pepper
 1/2 cup butter, melted
 Hot water

Mix thoroughly all ingredients except butter and hot water. Add butter slowly, tossing lightly until blended. Add sufficient hot water to make stuffing adhere somewhat but do not let stuffing become soggy. The turkey will add considerable juice to the stuffing as it cooks.

DELUXE SPINACH

1/3 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
 2 Tbls. finely chopped pickle
 1 Tbls. chili sauce
 1 #2 can spinach
 Combine the mayonnaise, pickle, and chili sauce. Heat the spinach and drain off all the liquid. Serve with the sauce. So quick and simple to fix, and oh! so delicious. —Dorothy

BUN-BISCUITS

1 cup milk, scalded
 1 pkg. dry yeast
 4 cups flour
 1 tsp. salt
 3 Tbls. sugar
 1 cup shortening
 1 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

2 eggs, slightly beaten

Scald milk; cool to lukewarm. Add yeast. In another bowl combine flour, salt, sugar, shortening and flavoring. Cut shortening into flour mixture just as for biscuits. Beat eggs slightly; add to flour mixture along with milk and yeast combination. Mix well. Turn out on floured board and knead until smooth and elastic. Put in greased bowl; turn once so all sides of dough are greased. Cover and refrigerate overnight.

Remove dough from refrigerator and turn out onto floured bowl. Knead several times. Make into rolls as desired. These are nice cut with a small cutter or juice glass and made in the shape and size of biscuits. Put on greased cooky sheet. Let rise until double (about 2-1/2 hours). Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes, or until nicely browned.

This recipe is much like a yeast roll but with a texture and appearance similar to biscuits. It can be made nicely into a coffeecake. It can be braided into a fancy shape, and then drizzled with powdered sugar frosting and decorated with nuts and candies as desired.

—Evelyn

CRANBERRY DELIGHT SALAD

1 pkg. raspberry gelatin
 1 pkg. lemon gelatin
 3 cups hot water
 1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter raspberry flavoring
 2 cups ground, fresh cranberries
 1 small can crushed pineapple, undrained
 1 1/2 cups sugar
 1 cup nutmeats
 2 cups celery, diced
 1 to 2 cups white grapes

Dissolve gelatin in hot water. Add flavoring. Cool slightly. Grind cranberries and mix well with pineapple and sugar. Stir into gelatin mixture. Fold in remaining ingredients. Pour into gelatin molds. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise. If the fresh white grapes are not available, use 1 can of the small spiced white grapes, drained.

This is a large recipe and will serve 12 nicely. If a smaller amount is desired the quantity of fruit and nuts may be lessened.

BARBECUED GREEN BEANS AND CORN

1 medium onion
 2 Tbls. fat or salad oil
 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
 1/4 cup catsup
 1 can (or 2 1/2 cups) cooked green beans

1 1/2 cups cooked whole kernel corn
 Mince the onion and saute in the fat or salad oil. Add the Worcestershire sauce and catsup. Drain the beans and the corn and add to the sauce. Heat thoroughly.

—Dorothy

MINCEMEAT STUFFING

1 pkg. mince pie mix
 2/3 cup water
 3/4 cup butter or margarine
 1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
 1 cup onion, chopped
 12 cups day-old bread
 2 tsp. poultry seasoning
 3/4 cup hot water

Combine mince pie mix and 2/3 cup water. Simmer until it begins to thicken slightly. Melt butter in skillet, add butter flavoring. Brown onions lightly. Add bread crumbs, seasoning and mince-meat. Add hot water. Toss lightly. Stuff loosely into bird before roasting. Any extra stuffing may be placed in a casserole and baked 30 minutes.

This is an exceptionally delicious stuffing. It goes together quickly and easily. If tossed lightly and not packed too tightly into the cavity of the bird (it swells in baking) it will come out light and moist.

—Evelyn

FROZEN LAYERED PUMPKIN PIE

9-inch baked pie shell
 1 pint vanilla ice cream
 2 to 3 Tbls. chopped crystallized ginger
 1 cup mashed cooked or canned pumpkin
 1 cup sugar
 1 tsp. pumpkin pie spice
 1/2 tsp. ginger
 1/2 tsp. salt
 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or pecans
 1 cup whipping cream

Stir ice cream to soften. Fold in the crystallized ginger and spread into pie shell. If you can't buy crystallized ginger, add 1/4 tsp. ground ginger instead. Freeze until the ice cream is solid. Stir together the pumpkin, sugar, pumpkin pie spice, ginger, salt and nuts. Whip the cream and fold in. Pour over the ice cream layer. Freeze for several hours. Remove from freezer for about 4 to 5 minutes before serving for easier cutting. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

—Mary Beth

SORGHUM TAFFY

Boil 1 cup sorghum rather quickly to just below the firm ball stage, 240 degrees. Add 2 Tbls. butter. Boil the sorghum slowly just past the very hard ball stage, 265 degrees. Stir it from time to time as it tends to stick.

Pour the candy onto an oiled platter or onto a marble slab and let it cool until a dent can be made in it when pressed with a finger. Gather it into a lump and pull it with the finger tips until it is light and porous. Keep hands dusted with flour. Roll it into long thin strips and cut them into 1-inch pieces. Place the candy in a tightly covered tin if you wish it to be creamy.

—Mary Beth

WESTERN EGGS

1/2 cup chopped ham
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
3 Tbls. chopped onion
1/4 cup butter or margarine
1 can cheese soup
8 eggs, slightly beaten

Cook ham, green pepper and onion in butter until the vegetables are tender. Stir soup until smooth. Blend in the eggs and pour over the ham mixture. Cook over low heat until the eggs are set. Serve with hot buttered toast and hash browned potatoes. Fix this some nippy morning and watch those little "cowboys" and "cowgirls" dig in!

—Margery

ESCALLOPED TOMATOES AND CUCUMBER

2 1/2 cups cooked tomatoes
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 medium onion, diced
1 large cucumber, sliced
2 cups soft bread crumbs
3/4 cup grated American cheese
Combine the tomatoes, salt, Worcestershire sauce, and diced onion. Arrange layers of the tomato mixture, sliced cucumber and bread crumbs in a greased baking dish. Sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a 375-degree oven for 40 minutes.

—Dorothy

WONDERFUL FRENCH DRESSING

1 cup salad oil
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup catsup
1/2 cup vinegar
Juice of 1 lemon
1/4 tsp. ginger
1/4 tsp. paprika
1/2 tsp. salt
1 medium onion, grated

All these ingredients are mixed together in a quart jar and stirred well. Grate the onion fine and save juice to add to mixture. Let stand at room temperature at least 24 hours, then refrigerate. Stir well each time before using.

This is wonderful on greens for salad. It is excellent to use as a marinade for steaks or meats for kabobs.

ALMOND BARS**Crust**

1 cup melted butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring

1 cup brown sugar
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 tsp. soda
2 1/2 cups quick oats

Mix all ingredients together until crumbly. Press half of this mixture into a 9- by 13-inch pan. Spread with filling:

Filling

3 egg yolks
3/4 cup sugar
2 Tbls. cornstarch
Dash of salt
2 cups milk
3 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter almond flavoring

Mix sugar, cornstarch and salt together and then add yolks, milk and almond flavoring. Cook until thick. Top the filling with the remaining crumb mixture and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Cut into small bars when cool.

—Margery

GRANDPA'S DELICIOUS DATE PUDDING

1 cup sifted flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 cup light brown sugar
1 cup dates, chopped
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup nuts
1/2 cup milk
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring
1 cup light brown sugar
2 cups water
2 Tbls. butter or margarine
1/4 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter butter flavoring
1/2 tsp. Kitchen-Klatter burnt sugar flavoring

In a bowl stir together the flour, baking powder, 1 cup brown sugar, dates, salt, nuts, milk and 1/2 tsp. burnt sugar flavoring. Pour into a greased 8-inch square pan.

Combine in saucepan the 1 cup brown sugar, water, butter and last two flavorings. Bring to a boil. Spoon carefully over date mixture so as not to divide the batter. Bake at 325 degrees for 45 to 50 minutes. It will come from the oven with the date pudding on top and a delicious, rich sauce on the bottom. Serve upside down on plate with cream or whipped topping. It is delicious warm, but can be served cold if desired.

This is the favorite date pudding of Grandpa Birkby and one we serve frequently at family dinners.

—Evelyn

Proudly Announcing

Another station has been added to those already carrying the KITCHEN-KLATTER radio visits.

KSIS, Sedalia, Missouri.

You will find us at 1050 on the radio dial at 10:00 A.M. each weekday morning, as well on the following stations:

KSO	Des Moines, Iowa, 1460 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KVSH	Valentine, Nebr., 940 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
WJAG	Norfolk, Nebr., 780 on your dial — 10:00 A.M.
KSMN	Mason City, Iowa, 1010 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KCFI	Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1250 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWPC	Muscatine, Iowa, 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWBG	Boone, Iowa, 1590 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KOAM	Pittsburg, Kans. 860 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KWOA	Worthington, Minn. 730 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KFEQ	St. Joseph, Mo., 680 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.
KLIK	Jefferson City, Mo., 950 on your dial — 9:30 A.M.
KHAS	Hastings, Nebr., 1230 on your dial — 9:00 A.M.

THE OMELETTES OF MONT

SAINT MICHEL

by

Alice G. Harvey

At the end of a mid-summer day, riding from Paris through Brittany in western France, I came at sunset to Mont Saint Michel. Gold and pink and purple rays streaked the sky as our bus approached this centuries-old monastery-fortress at the very top of a steep and rocky island. Around the base are shops, hotels, and some homes, all packed tightly together within the massive walls.

Mont St. Michel is situated in a bay of the same name, which extends deeply between the land of the two bordering provinces of Brittany and Normandy. A causeway leads from the mainland to this island, which is completely surrounded by water during certain high tides.

After leaving our bus at the gate we passed through the thick walls and followed our guide to the hotel. There we climbed up many narrow steps in this tall, unique building. Only a few rooms were on each floor of that narrow, many-storied building.

Supper was very late! We were famished and could not understand the delay. We could not be served until our entire party was seated. Finally, with simple ceremony, sixteen great covered plates were carried in, deposited before all of us at once, and with one accord, all were uncovered. And there before us, in their perfect stages of steaming rightness, were the gleaming omelettes of Mont St. Michel. With careful wonder we explored their golden perfection. Hot and fluffy they came from the hands of experts. Women who have followed the recipes of the centuries take great pride in this fine art.

The fame of these omelettes has spread over the world. Those of the Hotel Poulard, especially, made from the "secret" recipe of Madame Poulard, have topped the list. As great artisans in other fields, these women by their daily striving for perfection, have reached the peak of omelette making.

Curious as to the methods used, I was permitted to go into the large kitchen the next morning to watch the cooking process.

These omelettes are made over an open fire of logs in a large fireplace. The women kept moving the long-handled skillets until a certain point was reached; then they deftly put butter around the edge of the omelettes, lifting them slightly from the pan. This

was repeated several times until the omelettes were completely cooked. The large plates were served immediately, steaming hot. Other food is only incidental. Omelette is the main course at Mont St. Michel — for breakfast, dinner, or supper.

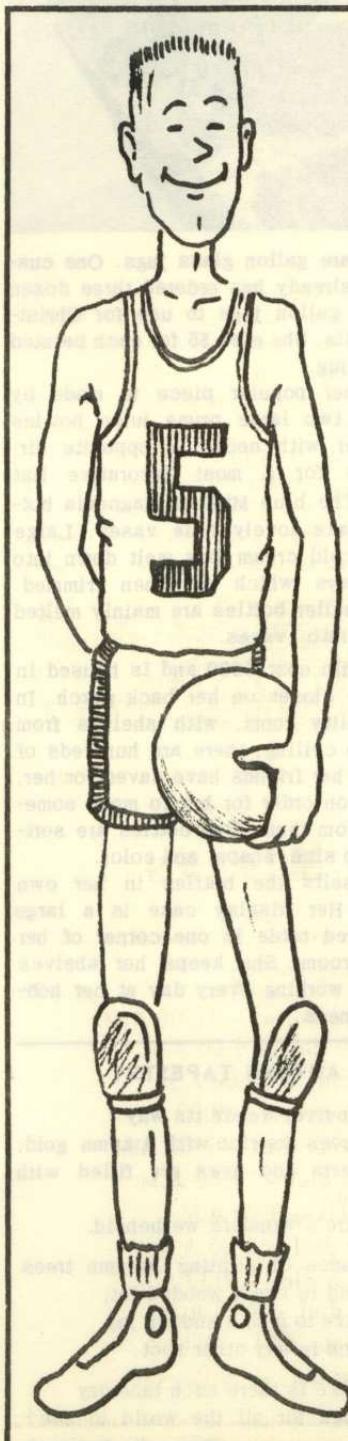
Mont Saint Michel is known as the "Citadel in the Sea". For twelve centuries this solitary and majestic Abbey, fortress, and religious refuge has played an important part in the political, clerical, and military life of France.

Its buildings, abbey, and cloister

climb the solid rock, tapering to a needle-like spire 489 feet above the sea. One climbs slowly the 450 steps to the cloister at the very top of this historic place.

In October, 709, Saint Aubert, Bishop of Avranches, had erected a small chapel on top of the *mont* and consecrated it in honor of the Archangel St. Michael, Prince of the Angelic Hosts. Soon this was turned over to a college of twelve priests. In 723, St. Aubert died and was buried in the village church. Many pilgrims began to come,

(Continued on page 20)



Some People Just Don't Need It.

There are those, like Sure-shot here, that have no need for no-calorie sweeteners. And then there are those of us who, because of eating habits, heredity or doctor's orders, must watch our calorie intake and turn our backs on sugar.

That does *not* mean, however, that we have to do without sweetness. **Kitchen-Klatter No-Calorie Sweetener** gives us all we want of that: delicious, natural-tasting, satisfying sweetness . . . with never a calorie! In cooking, in baking, in coffee, on cereals, wherever we want or need sweetness, we get it the sugarless way. Have you tried it? Shouldn't you?

KITCHEN-KLATTER NO-CALORIE SWEETENER

Ask your grocer first. However if you can't yet buy it at your store, send 50¢ for a 3-oz. bottle of sweetener. Kitchen-Klatter, Shenandoah, Iowa 51601. We pay postage.



SCULPTURED BOTTLES

by
Hallie M. Barrow

"When does a hobby become a business?" When we asked Mrs. Vera Logue, Cameron, Missouri, that question, she replied, "I guess when you have to work all the time to keep your orders filled." That is her life now. She started making "sculptured bottles" purely as a hobby, so as to fill part of her time.

For suddenly, from a very active life, she found herself with nothing pressing to do. The last of her eight daughters had married and left home. Then her husband died. She was lost for something to do and family and friends suggested all kinds of hobbies. When she was visiting a daughter in California, she was advised to take up "contour glass", which is a popular hobby there.

So she made items from plate and window glass but was not entirely satisfied until in a hobby shop she ran across and bought the book "*All About Bottles*" by Kay Kinney. Working with bottles appealed to her much more. She experimented extensively, improved the technique, and used her imagination and creative talent until it quickly passed the hobby stage. It is now a business which takes all her time.

Briefly, she puts ordinary household bottles in a mold and then puts these in a kiln for two days. She does not know until they are taken out just what she may have. The green prune juice bottles, the blue Milk of Magnesia bottles, and brown bottles she leaves with their original color. Clear glass is painted. The main painted

items are gallon glass jugs. One customer already has ordered three dozen of the gallon jugs to use for Christmas gifts. She gets \$5 for each painted gallon jug.

Another popular piece is made by fusing two large prune juice bottles together with necks in opposite directions for a most decorative flat dish. The blue Milk of Magnesia bottles make lovely blue vases. Large white cold cream jars melt down into ash trays which are then trimmed. The smaller bottles are mainly melted down into vases.

Her kiln cost \$200 and is housed in a large closet on her back porch. In her utility room, with shelves from floor to ceiling, there are hundreds of bottles her friends have saved for her, or left on order for her to make something from them. The bottles are sorted as to size, shape, and color.

She sells the bottles in her own home. Her display case is a large two-tiered table in one corner of her living room. She keeps her shelves full by working every day at her hobby-business.

AUTUMN TAPESTRY

A silver river wends its way
Where trees are rich with Autumn gold;
Our hearts and eyes are filled with
awe,

As nature's wonders we behold.

Long lanes of glinting Autumn trees
Are found in every wooded lot;
They give to man a sudden joy
Not found in any other spot.

Where else is there such tapestry
Hung high for all the world to see?

—Emma D. Babcock

EVER THINK ABOUT CUPS?

There're fat cups, thin cups, little
bitty cups,
New cups, old cups, cups to cheer
you up;
Mustache cups, porcelain mugs,
And gentlemen cups called Toby Jugs.
There're delicate cups trimmed in
clover,
And the Biblical cup that 'runneth
over'.
There're cups of joy and cups of sor-
row,
Cups the neighbors come to borrow.
There're cups in colors bright and
bold,
Silver cups and cups of gold,
And the golden cup may outshine the
rest,
But 'the cup of kindness' wears the
best.

—Lula Lamme

LITTLE TOWHEAD

by
Dorothy Shumate

"Why isn't my hair brown like yours and Daddy's?" Craig asked wistfully. We were having lunch at the time.

"Maybe it's because you don't eat your crusts," I suggested, and motioned to the neat little pile of bread strips on the side of his plate. Watching my little towhead pick up a brown crust and slowly start to eat, I almost felt guilty enough to set him straight—but not quite. And later, after he had eaten every bite, I just didn't have the nerve; and soon forgot the incident.

Several months passed, and sure enough Craig's hair did darken a bit. Now he was in kindergarten, and had a "girl". Her name was Margaret, and he talked about her all the time. It was plain to see that he was smitten! She was not only the prettiest girl in class, but also the smartest, according to Craig. And she could sing "good" too! Apparently, there was no end to Margaret's accomplishments.

One evening after a dinner consisting primarily of pot roast and the usual account of Margaret's charms, I was a bit surprised to see bread crusts rimming the edge of Craig's plate.

"Why didn't you eat your crusts, Son?" I was more curious than annoyed. Craig's reply was prompt, to the point, and not at all what I expected.

"I think my hair is dark enough now...besides Margaret likes *blonds*!"



AUTUMN INTERLUDE

Every season has its own special glory, but autumn is a dramatic interlude between the heat of summer and the chill of winter. Autumn, like a grand lady, has mellowed and come to maturity. She is like a dowager queen and is most generous with her abundance.

The oaks turn mauve and the maples to red, brown and gold like ladies dressed for a gay masquerade ball. The sumac thickets blaze scarlet on hills of brocaded tapestry. The sapphire blue sky with iridescent sunsets provide the setting.

Autumn is geese honking, the chatter of flocking blackbirds, the whisper of falling leaves and the whirr of the southward winging monarch butterflies.

Corn stands rustling in the fields or russet in the shock like so many tepees in a row to shelter the rabbits and ring-necked pheasants.

Autumn has many fragrances: the tangy scent of black walnuts drying in the sun, the spicy aroma of pickling, the tantalizing smell of pumpkin and mincemeat pies, the winy odor of apples and the pungency of leaf smoke.

The lawn mower is put away for the season and so is the hoe. Time to rest and relax and enjoy nature's once-a-year "SPECTACULAR".

—Marian Davison

WORDS

Words have been with us for years. I have been learning them all my life. I find sentences full of them in every book I read. Phrases, paraphrases, subjects and predicates are loaded with all kinds of words. Newspapers have them arranged in neat columns. Magazines use them by the paragraph. Letters, both business and personal, contain them — often as not misspelled — even though dictionaries list them alphabetically and explain their meanings with the hope they will be used properly. Classified words are taught in every schoolroom to all sorts of interested and uninterested people — age being no barrier.

It is a well-known fact that one word leads to another, honest or otherwise. Words of wisdom, words of praise, and the Word of God are most acceptable in any society. By word of mouth, and word for word, in sequences, successions and series, words spread like wildfire around the world. Repeated and translated from one language to another, words let everybody know the

news, the truth, and the latest rumor.

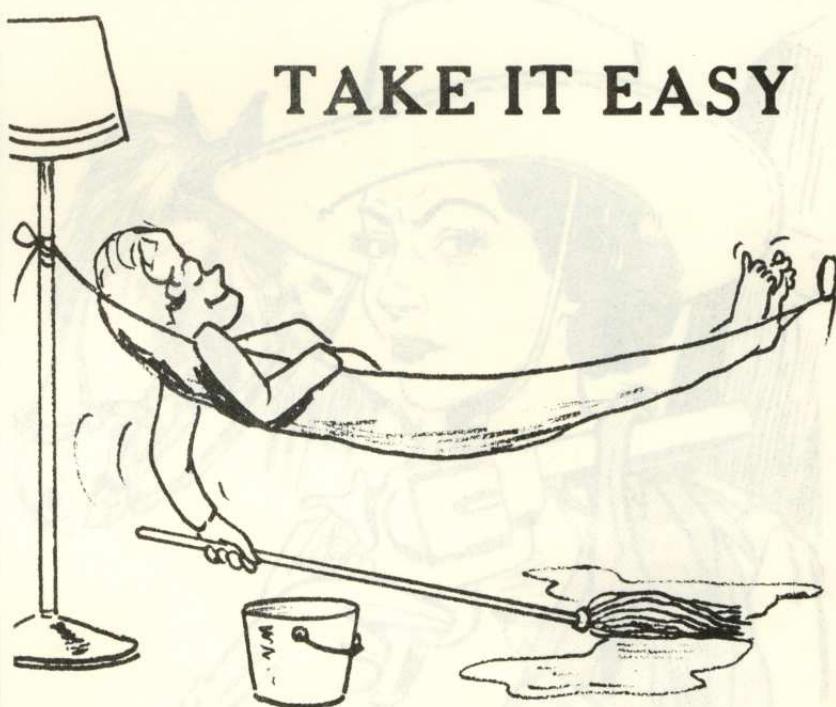
From the most common short words to "disestablishmentarianism", words are used as a means of communication. Small boys shout them in the alleys while their mothers exchange them across back fences. Some words are set to music, rhymed one with another and uniquely combined in order to ex-

press emotion or feeling. This is especially true of the singing commercials heard on television and radio.

Civilization would be stopped dead without words, and Freedom of Speech is one of our greatest and dearest privileges. May the right to use words freely never be taken from us!

—Carlita McKean Pedersen

TAKE IT EASY



Goodness knows, you have enough to do: keeping house, cooking, washing, likely as not acting as chauffeur and bookkeeper too. Certainly you should take every short cut you can — especially when the short cut does your work so much better.

We're talking about **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**: the miracle powder that does so many jobs so well. It turns into a hard-working, hard-cleaning solution the instant it touches water (even hardest water!). Cleans deep, cutting dirt and grime and grease and washing them away like magic. And, because it leaves no scum or froth to rinse away, it actually cuts your cleaning time nearly in half.

Every room in every home needs **Kitchen-Klatter Kleaner**. And you deserve it.

KITCHEN-KLATTER
KLEANER

"You go through the motions . . .

KITCHEN-KLATTER KLEANER

Does the work!"

1000 GOLD STRIPE ZIP-CODE LABELS 25¢



BIGGEST LABEL BARGAIN in U.S.A.
1000 Deluxe, Gold Stripe, gummed, padded Labels printed with ANY Name, Address and Zip-Code, 25¢ for EACH set! No limit, but please include 10¢ EXTRA for post & hdg. for each set. Order NOW before this offer is withdrawn. Money-back guarantee. Write for FREE Money-Making Plans.

Two Brothers, Inc., 808 Washington, Dpt. 566
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When you give a little kindness
Each and every day,
A big reward in happiness
IS sure to come your way.
If you can wipe away a frown
And plant instead a smile,
It's more than worth the effort
And makes the day worthwhile!

—Gladys Billings Bratton



ANOTHER BLOUSE SHOT!

Pardner, isn't it time someone told you about those harsh liquid bleaches that shoot holes in even nearly-new clothes? More important, you'd better learn about **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** . . . the really safe bleach that takes such good care of your nice things, and at the same time keeps them new-looking and bright.

You see, **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** contains no harsh chlorine (the rough-tough ingredient in so many liquid bleaches). That's what we mean when we say "Safety Bleach" . . . ours is so gentle, you can trust even the new synthetics in it. Yet you've never seen such white whites and sparkling colors!

Say goodbye to "bleach rot". Put **Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach** on your shopping list. Remember: if it's washable, it's bleachable . . . in

Kitchen-Klatter Safety Bleach

THE JOY OF GARDENING

by

Eva M. Schroeder

A reader writes, "How do you remove the sticky substance that seems to ooze out of pine cones. I have gathered a supply to make Thanksgiving and Christmas decorations, but they are too sticky to use. I tried to wash them, but this did no good. Can you help?"

The sticky substance on certain cones is "pitch". It can be hardened by placing the cones on heavy paper (I use the brown paper sacks that groceries come in). Lay this on a cookie sheet and bake in a slow oven, about 225 degrees, until the pitch is melted. It will form a hard glaze on the cones which is most attractive.

There is still time to gather cones, nuts, and seed pods from the roadside, woods, and meadow for dried bouquets and holiday decorations. Recently I attended a lecture on using these materials in the home. On her display table the lady featured several types of small Christmas trees made from cones, all of which would make delightful centerpieces for the holiday table. She showed several cunning animals and birds made from various seeds, cones, and nuts. Pieces of chenille and pipe cleaners were used for the arms and legs of her creations. Sequins, buttons and heads of corsage pins were used for eyes.

The lecturer advised getting a supply of materials first, and then making a visit to the drug store, hardware store and variety store to buy a few necessary items such as glycerine, stove pipe wire, hardware cloth, and tin snips, or wire cutters (unless you can sneak them out of your husband's tool chest). You should also pick up a quart of linoleum paste, a container of strong glue and a spray bottle of clear plastic.

You'll be surprised at the delightful plaques, centerpieces, animal figures, door decorations, and dried arrangements that can be fashioned from nature's bounty. A friend makes lovely wall plaques and pictures using small cattails, dried grasses, nuts, seeds and cones. She remarked recently that she had part of her Christmas gifts taken care of as she was giving her dried creations. So if you are the least bit creative, gather some roadside treasures now and make them up when outdoor gardening activity ends. They will provide hours of fun and make valued gifts.

COME, READ WITH ME

by

Armada Swanson

Fourteen years ago, during *Children's Book Week*, Laura Ingalls Wilder, author of the beloved *Little House* books, rode with Mrs. Irene V. Lichy, now curator of the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home at Mansfield, Missouri, to Springfield, Missouri. There Mrs. Wilder autographed many books for boys and girls and adults in a bookstore. The photograph on this page was taken on that autumn day back in 1952.

Through the years the *Little House* books, drawn from the author's memories of her pioneer childhood, have warmed the hearts of young and old. The series have become modern American classics and are now world classics.

Next year, on February 7, 1967, will be the 100th anniversary of Laura's birth. Friends of Laura and her books are hopeful of marking the anniversary with a U. S. commemorative stamp. Many letters have gone in to Postmaster General Lawrence F. O'Brien asking that one of the 15 U. S. commemorative stamps be issued honoring Laura Ingalls Wilder and through her, all pioneers.

A fine example of securing a new U. S. stamp was conceived by students of North Junior High School in Sioux City, Iowa. Last winter the students pooled their pennies and rented a billboard in Sioux City and in Washington, D. C. The billboard carried the message: "American Servicemen, We Appreciate You." The students went from door to door with petitions, rounding up more than 100,000 names, which were sent to the Postmaster General. On October 26 the 5-cent commemorative was issued honoring American servicemen and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Savings Bond Program.

Yes, it is possible, by diligent work in a worthy cause, to see a special campaign such as this brought to a satisfactory close. If we are really interested in a Laura Ingalls Wilder commemorative stamp for 1967, we should write expressing our opinion to the Postmaster General.

"BOOKS PLEASE" "BOOKS, PLEASE" — There are at least two ways in which the slogan for the 48th annual celebration of National Children's Book Week (October 30-November 5, 1966) can be interpreted: as an expression of the pleasure to be found in books or as a polite request for more books. No matter how the slogan's meaning is construed, it indicates that children throughout the country are reading — and enjoying it.



Laura Ingalls Wilder, who began writing at age 65, made a fine contribution to our American heritage through her *Little House* books.

To encourage children to read during Book Week and the rest of the year, too, the Children's Book Council, which is headquarters for Book Week, has prepared display and promotion materials created by prominent people in the children's book field. A Parents' Bookmark, containing selected lists and books about children's read-

ing, is available free for a self-addressed, stamped envelope (only single copies) or 100 for 50¢. Write directly to: The Children's Book Council, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

Thirty Twentieth-Century Children's Books Every Adult Should Know is a list available from *The Horn Book, Inc.*, 585 Boylston St., Boston, Massachusetts 02116, for 5¢ each. One of the books mentioned on the list is *Little House in the Big Woods*, first in the series by Mrs. Wilder, published by *Harper and Row*, \$3.50.

The Horn Book Magazine, a unique journal about children's and young people's books, has available a reprint of the December, 1953 issue containing an article by Garth Williams, who illustrated Mrs. Wilder's books, telling of his journey through the *Little House* country, for \$1.00, plus postage 5¢. Write to: *The Horn Book, Inc.*, 585 Boylston St., Boston, Massachusetts 02116 and ask for the Laura Ingalls Wilder reprint.

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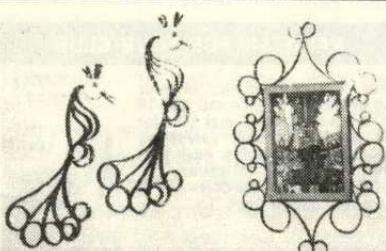
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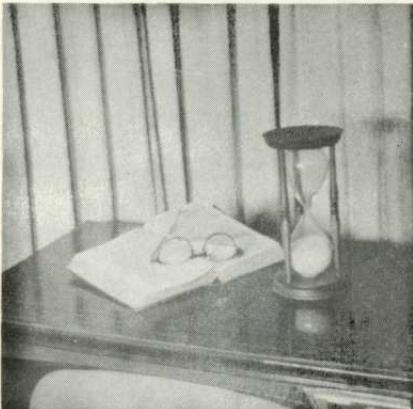
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And with love, a grain of gold
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—Leta Fulmer

ABIGAIL'S LETTER - Concluded

again under their same coach with only the very largest boys missing. Clark was so happy to get his old coach back again! They now play on a 100-yard field instead of a 60-yard one and the game time is governed by actual time, rather than so many plays per quarter, as were the rules for the younger boys.

Emily has been in school as an exchange student since the 25th day of July. As most of you know, she is living in San Jose, Costa Rica, as the guest of the Rotary Club there. I keep hoping she'll write a letter about her most interesting experiences for the magazine, but if she doesn't soon, I guess I'll just have to lift excerpts from her letters home.

Goodbye until next month,

Sincerely,
Abigail

FREDERICK'S LETTER - Concluded

I do hope that your family gathering at Thanksgiving time will not be blighted by any strained relations. The one time of the year when our gratitude to God should be great enough to blot out every little jealousy and every little dislike is the feast of Thanksgiving.

Sincerely,

Until Sarah Josepha Hale decided, in 1828, to make a fight for it, Thanksgiving Day was on its way to oblivion as a national holiday.

OMELETTES - Concluded

and all through the years the various kings of France honored the church of Mont St. Michel.

It was enlarged and changed many times. For nearly eight centuries monks lived peacefully amid these holy surroundings. It was later looted and used as a fortress and prison. So many changes through the years required much reconstruction, which began in 1873. It is still bare, however, and mostly unused, but is visited by thousands each year.

The architecture is elaborate and beautiful, and the cloister at the very top has 137 small columns of a pink polished granite. The tympans and frieze above are of white stone with exquisite carvings. The abbey has many rooms showing various influences of the centuries of its existence. During the middle ages Mont St. Michel became a fortress and housed many men at arms.

There are thick walls surrounding this huge structure with its ramparts, towers, bridges, moats, and surrounding shops and houses.

There are about 200 permanent residents now carrying on the business of the tourist trade. In contrast to the old is the modern, with cheap souvenir shops and soft drink establishments. It was once surrounded by a green forest, but the sea long ago claimed the nearby land, and now Mont Saint Michel is truly "a citadel in the sea".

TURKEY FUN - Concluded

Turkey Feather Story: The leader begins a story. When he reaches an interesting moment, right in the middle of a sentence, he passes a turkey feather to the person next to him. The person must continue the story where the first person stopped. He continues, using at least one sentence before passing the feather and the story line on to the next person.

Refreshments

Traditional fall foods are perfect for a Turkey Party. For a dessert try gingerbread with whipped cream topped with tiny candy turkeys, or pumpkin pie with a small turkey cut from pie crust with a turkey cookie cutter and laid on each wedge of pie, or mince pie with turkey cutouts in the top crust. For lunch or a heartier refreshment, make turkey sandwiches (what else?) orange gelatin fruit salad and sugar cookies cut with a turkey cookie cutter and decorated. Toasted cheese sandwiches, Waldorf salad, cider and doughnuts make a fine menu for a small group.

NOVEMBER DEVOTIONS — Concluded
 Vinci; the German, Durer, with his "Praying Hands"; the Spaniard, De Goya; and Flemish painters such as Van Dyck.

Mention art and we immediately think of the marvelous, delicate artistry of the Japanese — the china, the water colors, their special way with flowers and shrubs. Japan, too, shared with us the great gifts of the brilliant Kagawa.

In the musical realm we cannot begin to brush the surface of our "blessings from other peoples" — German Handel's "Messiah", the great Mozart from Austria, Frederic Chopin of Poland, Czechoslovakia's Anton Dvorak, Bach, Beethoven — the list could go on and on.

Of course we cannot list our blessings without the mention of a few of the literary giants of the ages — England's Shakespeare, Ibsen of Norway, France's Victor Hugo, Dante of Italy.

The Netherlands gave us our gay spring tulips, Germany's Gutenberg gave the world the printing press, and think of the priceless porcelains of France, the Persian rugs, the beautiful glassware of Bohemia, Africa's ivory, minerals, and cork, South America's coffee, rubber, and tropical fruits, the hemp and lovely silverware and jewelry of Mexico, the great ballet dancing of Russia.

We have mentioned but a mere fraction of the great scholars, the inventors and the chemists and scientists, who have had such a tremendous influence upon our great plants, our industries, and thus our daily life, yes, even our ways of making a living!

Kipling put it aptly: "It's not the individual, or the army as a whole, but the everlasting teamwork of every bloomin' soul."

Leader: Have we begun to see how a true thanksgiving means the giving of ecumenical thanks for blessings that have come to us from all over the world?

With Helen Steiner Rice we must say: "People everywhere in life

From every walk and station,
 From every town and city

And every state and nation
 Have given me so many things

Intangible and dear,
 I couldn't begin to count them all
 Or even make them clear.

I only know I owe so much to people
 everywhere."

Hymn: (Sung with joy and enthusiasm) "Let All the World in Every Corner Sing". (Hymns that might be substituted include: "O Worship The King", "Now Thank We All Our God"

or "Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee".)

Closing Prayer: From this table so brightly decked with the fruits of all men and all nations, who have shared their bounties with us, we lift our brimming hearts to heaven and give Thee humble, grateful thanks. Fill our hearts with Thy love that we might unselfishly pray:

"Give them this day their daily bread,
 Lord, God of all, we pray;
 Let not alone our own be fed,

But all the world this day.

We cannot bow before Thy throne
 To thank Thee for our feast,
 Unmindful of the hungry moans
 Of those who have the least.

Give them this day their daily bread,
 Lord, God of earth's increase,
 When children everywhere are fed,
 Ours, too, can grow in peace."

—Anonymous

Amen.



YOUR FAMILY ISN'T GOING TO HIBERNATE THIS WINTER

In fact, they're going to be very much alive . . . especially around mealtime. Winter winds mean winter appetites . . . and more of a strain on poor, meal-planning mother.

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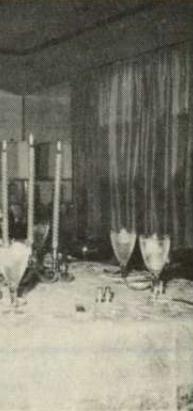
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Margery took a picture of the table at our last family dinner at Lucile's house. The food was served buffet-style from the island in the kitchen, which is behind the wall in the background.

GO BACK TO WORK — Concluded

women are satisfied with the non-monetary rewards — a sense of accomplishment, the chance to meet people, etc. — it's equally true that many do take on an outside job to provide benefits for their families that they could otherwise not afford. The woman who does not carefully estimate her work-related expenses may be in for a rude shock when she suddenly realizes just how much of her salary she *really* gets to keep. *Only you* are in a position to weigh the total cost and decide if it pays, from a financial standpoint, for you to go to work.

LUCILE'S LETTER — Concluded

lieving passionately in the Brotherhood of Man and acting upon this belief can human beings find peace of heart and serenity of spirit. I found it a fascinating account of human behavior for it gave me a great deal to think about when I had finished it.

Juliana grows more and more enthusiastic about her teaching even though it keeps her on the run all of the time. She has a large class of 9th-grade students and says that they are doing wonderful work for her — and that she has no disciplinary problems whatsoever, a situation she had worried about. I know that Kristin loves her work and Juliana is much enjoying her work, so it looks as if the old Field-Driftmier tradition of teaching is being carried on by this generation.

Howard and Mae had a very happy two-weeks' vacation at Santa Fe (this included a trip to Albuquerque to see Juliana) and when they returned it got me all whipped up to go down there myself after a year's absence. I'm still planning on making it down in October, no matter what, but I haven't yet gotten dates all worked out. When Russell was here we could pick up and leave without so much stewing in advance, but things are very different now and I find all kinds of details that have to be planned most carefully before I can head for New Mexico.

This must be all — my space is gone. Many, many thanks for all of the wonderful letters that you friends write to us. We grew up with the morning mail as the high spot of our day, and that is still just as true now as it was forty years ago when we first got acquainted with you.

May it be a blessed Thanksgiving for you and your loved ones.

Faithfully your friend,

Ruth

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Others charge much more for 9x12 ft. (108 sq. ft.) tough, transparent Plastic Tarps but our price on this offer is 30¢ each or 3 for 79¢, plus 25¢ pstg. & hdg. regardless of size of order. Our Tarps are brand new, not seconds. Protects rugs, furniture and floors when painting. Perfect cover for cars, appliances, bicycles, etc. Make into aprons, tablecloths, lamp shades, etc. Waterproof, greaseproof—clean with damp cloth. Each cover is one piece. No seams.

Dolls That Kiss



29¢

PER PAIR

What brings these attractive Dolls together? What mysterious power makes them hug and kiss? Is it true love? Is it normal affection? Or, is it something else? WE know, but we're not telling! Find out for yourself! Buy one pair of these ever-loving Dolls for 29¢, or get FOUR pairs for only 88¢. EXTRA SPECIAL! ALSO "SANTA CLAUS KISSING MOMMY DOLLS" AT SAME LOW PRICES!

NEW MIRACLE POWDER TAKES of Needle & Thread



only
\$1.00

PERMA-MEND Powder sews, stitches, decorates and repairs. Holds creases in Pants and Slacks **FOREVER!** NEW in U.S.A. but has sold over 12 million in 4 years in Germany. One Jar good for over 100 applications. \$1.00 plus 10¢ for pstg. & hdg.

Write for full details on exciting Free Florida Vacation!

PERMANENT MATCH



59¢
2 for
\$1.00

Never fails! Lights every time! Pull Permanent Metal Match out of its case—strike it on its side—it'll lit! Put it in case and out goes flame automatically. Fits pocket or key ring—1 1/4" high—uses ordinary fluid. Only 59¢ each, or 2 for \$1.00.

WALKING DOGS



3 for 39¢

All folks are fascinated by these clever little Walking Dogs as they skirt across the table or desk in life-like motion, then halt abruptly at edge. Terrific for Fund Raisers—Give-Aways—or Door Openers. 3 for 39¢, or 12 for 95¢.

SHIPPING LABELS

1000 for \$1.75



Essential for mailing packages. Correct wording for Parcel Post mailing. Your Firm Name or your Name and Address printed in three lines on white gummed paper prevents loss of packages in the mail.

Order NOW at these low prices: 100 Labels 45¢; 500 Labels \$1.25; 1000 Labels \$1.75.

AUTOMATIC NEEDLE THREADER



Low as
9 1/2 c
Ea.

Make a KILLING selling Automatic Needle Threaders for \$1.00 EACH. Your price as low as 9 1/2¢ each! Order at special LOW LOW prices below:

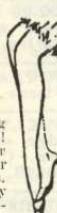
- 1 Doz. \$1.85, or 15/12¢ ea.
- 6 Doz. \$10.08, or 14¢ ea.
- 12 Doz. \$14.40, or 10¢ ea.
- 5 Gross (\$720) \$68.40, or 9 1/2¢ ea.
- 1 Sample 25¢ or 5 for \$1.00

Prices F.O.B. St. Louis

BRAND-NEW LOVELY NYLON HOSIERY at "GIVE-AWAY" PRICES!

Exquisitely sheer Seamless. Heel-less. 15 Denier. Micro-Mesh. 100% famous DUNPONT Nylon. RUN-PROOF. First Quality. PERFECT Hosiery. 3 pairs for \$1.25 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdg., or \$1.50 in all. 1 to 6 Dz. \$4.50 Dz.; 6 to 12 Dz. \$3.35 Dz.; 12 Dz. or more, \$4.20 Dz. Please include 10¢ extra for pstg. & hdg. for each dozen ordered. Compare our Hosiery with others selling for \$1.00 or more per pair! Why pay MORE? Wear our leg-flattering Hosiery for DRESS-UP occasions. Comes in these lovely shades: Fawn, Honey, Calypso and White. Please give size and shade desired.

35¢
pr.



50 BRAND NEW TOWELS \$1.00!

UNWOVEN COTTON AND RAYON—Assorted beautiful Pastel Colors. BRAND-NEW—not Seconds. Deluxe Quality. Make good money selling our Towels. We've sold 40,000,000 (40 MILLION) already. We feature SPECIAL LOW PRICES which enables you to sell to BIG volume buyers such as Agents, Churches, Institutions, Clubs, Filling Stations, Restaurants and tremendous Housewives untagged market!

200 Towels \$ 4.25

500 Towels \$ 9.95

1000 Towels \$18.95

The above prices include postage. Sample order 25 Towels for \$1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdg., or \$1.25 in all. Terrific Sales Plans including DROP-SHIPPING, SPECIAL PACKAGING, etc., sent FREE with your order. Order NOW before prices go up!

NEW FIELD
It's PRINTING! NOT REGULAR Printing but a wonderful new field we have developed and specialize in! NO competition. We've made MILLIONS of IMPRESSIONS (PRINTING IMPRESSIONS) but have barely scratched the surface. Get the FACTS and SAMPLES. They're FREE!

HOSTESS APRONS 3 1/2¢ ea.
Assorted colors, lace-trimmed. Sample order 25 Aprons for \$1.00 plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdg., or \$1.25 in all. Terrific Sales Plans including DROP-SHIPPING, SPECIAL PACKAGING, etc., sent FREE with your order. Order NOW before prices go up!

RAIN BONNETS

Low as 2 1/2¢ ea.

Fast Selling! Always in popular demand! Clear, or in six beautiful colors each in a carry case. Each to 12 dz. 45¢ dz. 6 to 12 dz. 40¢ dz. 1 gross (12 dz.) 28¢ dz. 1 case (10 dz.) 104¢ dz. Add 10¢ postage for ea. gross ordered.

ELECTRIC CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

Only 98¢ ea.

TALKING BOOKS

This Kid's Book Is Fantastic 59¢

It talks, squeaks, squeals—in fact it does almost everything but WALK! Hard cover book has pages with concealed noisemakers. Each animal in the book does something special—fish swim, cats meow, dogs bark, birds chirp, etc. Beautifully illustrated. One for 59¢, two for \$1.00, six for \$2.50, twelve for \$4.45. Add 25¢ postage for each six ordered.

HAND SEWING MACHINE

2 for 98¢

Amazing hand sewing machine does everything! Works beautiful, invisible blind-stitch without your rethreading needles. Also does hemming, buttoning, appliqueing, basting, stitching, smocking, tacking, etc. In HALF usual time! Holds entire spool. 59¢ for one. TWO for 98¢.

NEW ELECTRIC CIGARETTE LIGHTER—only 98¢ each, plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdg., or 3 for \$2.50, plus 25¢ for pstg. & hdg. **PUSH BUTTON LIGHTS**! NO fluid! NO wicks! NO flints! NO flame! Works on 2 Penlite Batteries which are included. **FLASHLIGHT**, too! Push **SECOND BUTTON**, it throws a powerful beam of light!

SALE! Pillow Cases

Low as 25¢ ea.

Amazing new Miracle Pillow Cases NEVER require washing, rinsing, drying. To clean, rinse with water and the dirt rolls right off of them! And, they are washable! They are also washable white! Use for cribs and bassinets, sick room, nursing homes, etc. 25¢ each; for 11 for \$1.10; 21 for \$1.21. Prices include 25¢ extra for pstg. & hdg. for each 4 Pillow Cases you order.

KITCHEN Only SHEARS 50¢

Our Kitchen Shears—a single \$1.00 value—are wonderful for preparing meat, fish, poultry, etc.; opening bottles; cutting vegetables; removing screw caps, etc. Useful for gardening, basement or garage. With your order for \$3.00 or more from this ad . . .

SENSATIONAL DOG FORECASTS THE WEATHER



low as 89¢ ea.

This attractive little dog—PEPI-THE-POODLE—is fantastic! His "Fur Coat" turns BLACK when it's going to rain, WHITE when it will be bad, VIOLET to show changes are coming, and GRAY for snow. Made of soft, pliable cloth in Italy of deluxe ALABASTER—about 3 1/2" tall. Only 98¢ for one, or 3 for \$2.67. Please include 25¢ extra for pstg. & hdg. for each Poodle you order.

Only 50¢ per pair

Order NOW!

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To show you our appreciation for your orders, we'll send you at your request, FREE, one gorgeous life-like, hand-made Orchid with each \$1.00's worth of merchandise you buy from this Ad! Pls. include 5¢ for pstg. & hdg.

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Please list items you want on a separate sheet of paper. Be sure to include pstg. & hdg. charges wherever requested. Minimum size order \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or your purchase price refunded upon return of merchandise, in good condition. C.O.D. orders accepted if you send 25% deposit. RED-HOT Money-Making, Money-Saving Plans FREE!

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